RETALIATION:

A

POEM.

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RETALIATION:

A

POEM.

By DOCTOR GOLDSMITH.

INCLUDING

EPITAPHS

ON THE MOST

Diſtinguiſhed WITS of this METROPOLIS.

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M. DCC. LXXIV.

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TO

MR. KEARSLY,

BOOKSELLER, in FLEET-STREET.

SIR,

I Am unable to account for the Myſtery with which the POEM *I ſend you has been handed about.——In ſome part of Doctor* GOLDSMITH'S *Works, he confeſſes himſelf ſo unable to reſiſt the hungry Attacks of wretched Compilers, that*

he contents himſelf with the Demand of the fat Man, who, when at Sea, and the Crew in great Want of Proviſions, was pitched on by the Sailors as the propereſt Subject to ſupply their Wants: He found the Neceſſity of Acquieſcence, at the ſame Time making the moſt reaſonable Demand of the firſt Cut off himſelf for himſelf. *When the Doctor in his Life-time was forced by theſe Anthropophagi to ſuch Capitulations, what Reſpect can we* now *expect from them? will they not dine on his memory? To reſcue him from this Inſult, I ſend you an authentic Copy of the laſt poetic Production of this Great and Good Man; of which, I recommend an early Publication, to prevent ſpurious Editions being uſhered into the World.* —— Dr. Goldſmith *belonged to a Club of* Beaux Eſprits, *where Wit*

ſparkled

ſparkled ſometimes at the Expence of Good-nature.— It was propoſed to write Epitaphs on the Doctor; his Country, Dialect and Perſon, furniſhed Subjects of Witticiſm. — The Doctor was called on for Retaliation, *and at their next Meeting produced the following Poem, which I think adds one Leaf to his immortal Wreath.*

RETA-

RETALIATION:

A

POEM.

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each gueſt brought his diſh, and the feaſt was united;
If our landlord ſupplies us with beef, and with fiſh,
Let each gueſt bring himſelf, and he brings the beſt diſh:

Our Dean ſhall be veniſon, juſt freſh from the plains;

Our Burke ſhall be tongue, with a garniſh of brains;

Our Will ſhall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour,

And Dick with his pepper, ſhall heighten their ſavour:

Our Cumberland's ſweet-bread, its place ſhall obtain,

And Douglaſs's pudding, ſubſtantial and plain:

Our Garrick's a ſallad, for in him we ſee

Oil, vinegar, ſugar, and ſalcneſs agree:

To make out the dinner, full certain I am,

That Ridge is anchovy, and Reynolds is lamb;

That Hickey's a capon, and by the ſame rule,

Magnanimous Goldſmith, a gooſberry fool:

At a dinner ſo various, at ſuch a repaſt,

Who'd not be a glutton, and ſtick to the laſt:

Here,

Here, waiter, more wine, let me ſit while I'm able,
'Till all my companions ſink under the table;
Then with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good Dean, re-united to earth,
Who mixt reaſon with pleaſure, and wiſdom with mirth:
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
At leaſt, in ſix weeks, I could not find 'em out;
Yet ſome have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,
That ſly-boots was curſedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund, whoſe genius was ſuch,
We ſcarcely can praiſe it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the Univerſe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up, what was meant for mankind.

Tho'

Tho' fraught with all learning, kept ſtraining his throat,
To perſuade Tommy Townſend to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, ſtill went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;
Tho' equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a ſtateſman, too proud for a wit:
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge, diſobedient,
And too fond of the *right* to purſue the *expedient*.
In ſhort, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in play, Sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honeſt William, whoſe heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't;
The pupil of impulſe, it forc'd him along,
His conduct ſtill right, with his argument wrong;

Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,

The coachman was tipſy, the chariot drove home;

Would you aſk for his merits, alas! he had none,

What was good was ſpontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honeſt Richard, whoſe fate I muſt ſigh at,

Alas, that ſuch frolic ſhould now be ſo quiet!

What ſpirits were his, what wit and what whim,

Now breaking a jeſt, and now breaking a limb;

Now rangling and grumbling to keep up the ball,

Now teazing and vexing, yet laughing at all?

In ſhort ſo provoking a Devil was Dick,

That we wiſh'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick.

But miſſing his mirth and agreeable vein,

As often we wiſh'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies having acted his parts,

The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;

A flattering painter, who made it his care

To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.

His gallants are all faultleſs, his women divine,

And comedy wonders at being ſo fine;

Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,

Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.

His fools have their follies ſo left in a croud

Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud,

And coxcombs alike in their failings alone,

Adopting his portraits are pleas'd with their own.

Say, when has our poet this malady caught,

Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?

Say was it that vainly directing his view,

To find out mens virtues and finding them few,

Quite ſick of purſuing each troubleſome elf,

He grew lazy at laſt and drew from himſelf ?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,

The ſcourge of impoſtors, the terror of quacks :

Come all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,

Come and dance on the ſpot where your tyrant reclines,

Where Satire and Cenſure encircl'd his throne,

I fear'd for your ſafety, I fear'd for my own ;

But now he is gone, and we want a detector,

Our Dodds ſhall be pious, our Kenricks ſhall lecture ;

Macpherſon write bombaſt, and call it a ſtyle,

Our Townſhend make ſpeeches, and I ſhall compile ;

New Landers and Bowers the Tweed ſhall croſs over,

No countryman living their tricks to diſcover;

Detection her taper ſhall quench to a ſpark,

And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, deſcribe me who can,

An abridgment of all that was pleaſant in man;

As an actor, confeſt without rival to ſhine,

As a wit, if not firſt, in the very firſt line,

Yet with talents like theſe, and an excellent heart,

The man had his failings, a dupe to his art;

Like an ill judge in beauty, his colours he ſpread,

And beplaiſter'd, with rouge, his own natural red.

On the ſtage he was natural, ſimple, affecting,

'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting:

With no reaſon on earth to go out of his way,

He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day ;

Tho' ſecure of our hearts, yet confoundedly ſick,

If they were not his own by fineſſing and trick,

He caſt off his friends, as a huntſman his pack ;

For he knew when he pleaſed he could whiſtle them back.

Of praiſe, a mere glutton, he ſwallowed what came,

And the puff of a dunce, he miſtook it for fame ;

'Till his reliſh grown callous, almoſt to diſeaſe,

Who pepper'd the higheſt, was ſureſt to pleaſe.

But let us be candid, and ſpeak out our mind,

If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.

Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls ſo grave,

What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave ?

How did Grub-ſtreet re-echo the ſhouts that you rais'd,
While he was beroſſia'd, and you were beprais'd?
But peace to his ſpirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the ſkies:
Thoſe poets, who owe their beſt fame to his ſkill,
Shall ſtill be his flatterers, go where he will.
Old Shakeſpeare, receive him, with praiſe and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.
Here Hickey reclines a moſt blunt, pleaſant creature,
And ſlander itſelf muſt allow him good-nature:
He cheriſh'd his friend, and he reliſh'd a bumper;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper:
Perhaps you may aſk if that man was a miſer?
I anſwer, no, no, for he always was wiſer;

Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat;

His very worſt foe can't accuſe him of that.

Perhaps he confided in men as they go,

And ſo was too fooliſhly honeſt; ah, no.

Then what was failing? come tell it, and burn ye,

He was, could he help it? a ſpecial attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,

He has not left a better or wiſer behind;

His pencil was ſtriking, reſiſtleſs and grand,

His manners were gentle, complying and bland;

Still born to improve us in every part,

His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:

To coxcombs averſe, yet moſt civilly ſtaring,
When they judged without ſkill he was ſtill hard of hearing:
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios and ſtuff,
He ſhifted his trumpet, and only took ſnuff.

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THE END.

EXPLANATORY NOTES and OBSERVATIONS

ON

DOCTOR GOLDSMITH's POEM,

ENTITLED

RETALIATION.

"IF our *landlord* ſupplies us with beef and with fiſh," page 1, line 3] The maſter of the St. James's coffee-houſe, where the Doctor, and the friends he has characteriſed in this Poem, held an occaſional club.

"That Ridge is anchovy," page 6, line 10] Counſellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Iriſh bar, the *reliſh* of whoſe agreeable and pointed converſation, is admitted by all his acquaintance, to be very properly compared to the above ſauce.

" Here lies the good *Dean*," page 7, line 5] Dr. Bernard, Dean of Derry, in Ireland, author of many ingenious pieces, particularly a reply to Macpherſon's Antiquities of Great Britain and Ireland.

" Here lies our *good Edmund*," page 7, line 11] Mr. Edmund Burke.

" To perſuade *Tommy Townſhend* to lend him a vote," page 8, line 2] Mr. T. Townſhend Junior, Member for Whitchurch, Hampſhire.

" Here lies honeſt *William*, page 8, line 11] Mr. William Burke, late Secretary to General Conway, and Member for Bedwin, Wiltſhire.

" Here lies honeſt *Richard*," page 9, line 5] Mr. Richard Burke, Collector of Granada, no leſs remarkable in the walks of wit and humour, than his brother Mr. Edmund Burke is juſtly diſtinguiſhed in all the branches of uſeful and polite literature.

" Now *breaking a jeſt*, and now *breaking a limb*," page 9, line 8] the above Gentleman having ſlightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the Doctor has rallied him on thoſe accidents, as a kind of *retributive* juſtice for breaking his jeſts upon other people.

" Here *Cumberland* lies," page 10, line 1] Doctor Richard Cumberland, author of the Weſt Indian, Faſhionable Lover, the Brothers, and other dramatic pieces.

" Here

" Here *Douglas* retires from his toils to relax,
" The ſcourge of *Impoſtors*, the terror of *Quacks*,"—page 11, lines 5 and 6] Doctor Douglas, an ingenious Scotch gen-gentleman, who has no leſs diſtinguiſhed himſelf as a *Citizen of the World*, than a *ſound Critic*, in detecting ſeveral literary miſtakes (or rather *forgeries)* of his countrymen ; particularly Lauder on Milton, and *Bowyer's Hiſtory of the Popes.*

" *Macpherſon* writes bombaſt, and calls it a ſtyle, p. 11, line 13] David Macpherſon, Eſq; who lately, from the mere *force of his ſtyle*, wrote down the firſt poet of all antiquity.

" Here lies *David Garrick*," page 12, line 5] David Garrick, Eſq; joint Patentee and acting Manager of the Theatre-Royal, Drury-lane. For the *other parts* of his character, *vide* the Poem.

" Here *Hickey* reclines," page 14, line 9] A gentleman whoſe hoſpitality and good-humour have acquired him, in this Club, the title of 'honeſt Tom Hickey.' His profeſſion, the Doctor tells us, is that of an attorney, but whether he meant the words an echo to the ſenſe or not, he has told us ſo in, perhaps, the only indifferent couplet of the whole Poem. To ſoften this cenſure, however, in ſome reſpect, the Engliſh Reader is to be told, that the phraſe of " burn ye," in the 5th line of the 15th page, tho' it may ſeem *forced* to rhyme to " attorney," is a familiar method of ſalutation in Ireland amongſt the lower claſſes of the people.

" He

" He ſhifted his Trumpet and only took ſnuff," page the laſt, line the laſt] Sir Joſhua Reynolds, on whom this obſervation was made, is ſo remarkably deaf as to be under the neceſſity of uſing an ear trumpet moſtly in company; he is, at the ſame time, equally remarkable for uſing a great quantity of ſnuff; his manner in both of which, taken in the point of time deſcribed, muſt be allowed, by thoſe who have been witneſſes of ſuch a ſcene, to be as happily given upon *Paper*, as that great Artiſt himſelf, perhaps, could exhibit upon *Canvaſs*.

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ERRORS.

A few copies only have been printed with the following errors, which the reader is requeſted to correct.

Page 8, line 5, for *he's fit*, read *unfit*.—line 9, for *or in play*, read *or in place*.
Page 10, line 13, for *when* read *where*,
Page 12, line 1, for *Landers* read *Lauders*.
Page 14, line 2, for *beroſſiad* read *beroſciad*.
Page 15, line 5, for *what was failing*, read *what was his failing*.